PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE. 1635.

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THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
CALLED
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hi-
story, adventures, and fortunes of
the said Prince.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Printed at *London* by *Thomas Cotes*, 1635.

THE HISTORY OF Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

TO ſing a ſong that old was ſung,
From aſhes ancient *Gower* is come,
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and pleaſe your eyes;
It hath beene ſung at Feſtivals,
On ember eves, and holi-dayes
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for reſtoratives:
The purchaſe is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in theſe latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built up this Citie for his chiefeſt ſeate;
The faireſt in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors ſay:
This King unto him tooke a Peere,
Who died, and left a female heire,
So buckſome, blithe, and full of face,

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As heaven had lent her all his grace:
with whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To evill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of weight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can juſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large received
The danger of the taske you under-take.
Per. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.
Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of *Iove* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renowne to men:

Her

Her face the booke of praiſes, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thence,
Sorrow were ever rackt, and teſty wrath
Could never be her milde companion.
You gods that made me man, and ſway in love,
That have enflam'd deſire in my breſt,
To taſte the fruit of yon celeſtiall tree,
(Or die in the adventure) be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſervant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.
Anti. Prince *Pericles*.
Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antiochus*.
Anti. Before thee ſtands this faire *Heſperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countleſſe glory, which deſert muſt gaine:
And which without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt die,
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelfe,
Drawne by report, adventurous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That without covering, ſave yon field of ſtarres,
Here they ſtand martyrs, ſlaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes adviſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on deaths net, whom none reſiſt.
Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortality to know it ſelfe,
And by thoſe fearefull objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remembred, ſhould be like a Myrrour,
Who tels us life's but breath, to truſt it error:
Ile make my will then, and as ſicke men doe,
Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joyes, as erſt they did;
So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every Prince ſhould do:

My riches to thē earth from whence they came:
But my unſpotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou prove proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe,
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powērs!
That gives heaven countleſſe eyes to view mens acts,
Why could they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lov'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heaven downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell onely danceth at ſo harſh a chime.

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expirde
Either expound now, or receive your ſentence.
Peri. Great King,
Few love to heare the ſinnes they love to act,
T'would braid your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarches do,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eyes, to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare.
To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole caſt
Copt hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Iove* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Iove* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe to ſmother it.
All love the wombe that their being bred,
Then give my tongue leave to love my head.
Ant. Heaven that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceede to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree,
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune us otherwiſe:
Fortie dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee'l joy in ſuch a ſonne:
And untill then, your entertaine ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles ſolus.

Per. How courteſie would ſeeme to cover ſinne,

When

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:
Where now you both a father and a ſonne,
By your untimely claſpings with your childe,
(Which pleaſures fits an husband, not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh)
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt floures, yet they poyſon breed.
Antioch farwell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth provoke;
Murder's as neare to luſt, as flame to ſmoake:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to have his head,
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a lothed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highneſſe call?

Anti. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her private actions
To your ſecreſie; and for your faithfulneſſe
We will advance you *Thaliard*:

Behold

Behold, heer's poyſon and heer's gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your ſelfe, telling your haſte.

Meſſ. My Lord Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live flye after, and like an arrow ſhot from a well experient Archer hits the marke, his eye doth levell it: ſo do thou never returne, unleſſe thou ſay, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my piſtols length, Ile make him ſure enough: ſo farewell to your highneſſe.

Ant. Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none diſturbe us:
Why ſhould this change of thoughts,
The ſad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me ſo uſed, a gueſt as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe ſhould ſleepe, can breed mē quiet,
Here pleaſures court mine eyes, and mine eyes ſhun them,
And danger which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
Whoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures art can joy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that paſſions of the minde,
That have their firſt conception by miſ-dread,
Have after nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not donē.
And ſo with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainſt whom I am to little to contend,

Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Hee'l ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces hee'l ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall drive courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they doe reſiſt,
And ſubjects puniſht, that never thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to uspēace full and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They doe abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes up ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke gives heart and ſtronger glowing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior ſooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre upon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Haven,
And then returne to us: *Hellicanus* thou haſt
Moov'd us: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets looke up to heavēn,
From whence they have their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I have power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I have ground the axe my ſelfe,
Doe you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heaven forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Councellor, and ſervant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſervant,
What wouldſt thou have me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes,
As you your ſelfe doe lay upon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſitian, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a potion unto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receive thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knoweſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propagate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to Subjects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found the ſinfull father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmoothe: But thou knoweſt this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe,
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled
Vnder the hovering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceede;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter than the yeare:
And ſhould he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening ayre,
How many worthy Princes blould were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this land with armes,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprovedst me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Musings in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeve them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieve for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you have given me leave to speake,
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And justly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or private treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe travell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life: your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day serves not light more faithfull than Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and have of subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere convince,
Thou shewest a subjects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske what he would of the King, desired hee might know none of his secrets. Now doe I see he had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man be a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Husht here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speake sufficiently, hee's gone to travell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were unlicenc'd of your loves) he would depart? Ile give some light unto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not) took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so: and doubting that hee had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, he would correct himselfe; so puts himselfe unto the ship-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message unto Princely *Pericles*; but since my landing I have understood, your Lord hath betooke himselfe to unknowne travailes, my message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to us, yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt us here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach us to forget our owne?
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they doe aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt up a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, even ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groves being topt, they higher riſe.
Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth foode, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes doe ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heaven ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeverall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.
Dion. Ile doe my beſt Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I have the government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe even in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, ut wondered at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on as delight,
All poverty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.
Dion. Oh tis true.
Cleon. But ſee what heaven can doe by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance;
As houſes are defilde for want of uſe,
They are now ſtarv'd for want of exerciſe;
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to ſavers yonger,
Muſt have inventions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Thoſe mothers, who to nouzell up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they loved,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall die to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many ſinke, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Have ſcarce ſtrength left to give them buriall.
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witneſſe it.
Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup,
And her proſperities ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teares,
The Miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?
Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which thou bring'ſt in haſte, for comfort is too farre for us to expect.
Lord. We have deſcried upon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſayle of ſhips make hitherward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow never comes but brings an heyre,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking advantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beate us downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.

Lord, That's the leaſt feare,
For by the ſemblance of their white flags diſplaid, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hywmes, untuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What neede we feare, the ground's the loweſt,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall we attend him here to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We have heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreetes,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to releaſe them of their heavie load,
And theſe our ſhips, you happily may thinke,
Are like the Trojan horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloudy veines expecting overthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger ſtarv'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.
Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we doe not looke for reverence, but for love and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, and men.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with unthankefulneſſe in thought.
Be it our wives, our children, or our ſelves,
The curſe of heaven and men ſucceed their evils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and us.

Per.

Per. Which welcome wee'l accept, feaſt here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend us a ſmile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here have you ſeene a mighty King,
His childe I wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prove awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Loſing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in converſation,
To whom I give my benizon,
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what neede ſpeake I.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with them: Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles ſhewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Meſſenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that ſtaid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtrive
To killen bad, keepe good alive:
And to fulfill his Princes deſire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with ſinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharſis* was not beſt,
Longer for him to make his reſt:

He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch unquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) having all loſt,
By waves from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.
Alas the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having throwne you from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all hee'l crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before us, even now.

1. Alas

1. Alas poore ſoules, it grieved my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to us, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarcely helpe our ſelves.
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be waſht.
Maſter, I marvell how the fiſhes live in the Sea?
1. Why as men doe a Land,
The great ones eate up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a Whale; plaies and tumbles,
Driving the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt devoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th land,
Who never leave gaping, till they ſwallowed
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would have beene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould have ſwallowed me too.
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would have kept ſuch a jangling of the bels,
That he ſhould never have left,
Till he caſt Bels, Steeple, Church and Pariſh up again:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the Land of theſe Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honey.
Per. How from the fenny ſubject of the ſea,
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery Empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?

Per. May ſee the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt.
2. What a drunken knave was the ſea,
To caſt thee in our way.
Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaſt Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that never uſde to beg.
1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, than we can doe with working.
2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?
Per. I never practiz'd it.
2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarve ſure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adayes, unleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.
Per. What I have beene, I have forget to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd up with cold, my veines are chill,
And have no more of life, than may ſuffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray ſee me buried.
1 Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and wee'l have fleſh for all day, fiſh for faſting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.
Per. I thanke you ſir.
2. Hearke you, my friend, You ſaid you could not beg.
Per. I did but crave.
2. But crave? then Ile turne craver too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.
Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?
2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, than to be Beadle. But Maſter, Ile goe draw the Net.
Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?
1. Hearke you ſir, doe you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.
1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.
Per. The good King *Symonides* doe you call him?
1. I ſir, and he deſerves ſo to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good government.
Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gaines from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How farre is his Court diſtant from this ſhore?
1. Marry ſir halfe a dayes journey: and Ile tell you, he hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iuſt and Turney for her love.
Per. Were my fortunes equall to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.
1, O ſir, things muſt be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wives ſoule.

Enter the two Fiſher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe, Maſter, helpe, heere's a fiſh hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at laſt, and tis turnd to a ruſty Armour.
Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me ſee it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all croſſes,
Thou giveſt me ſomewhat to repaire my ſelfe:
And though it was mine own part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this ſtrict charge, even as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a ſhield
Twixt me and death: and pointed to this Brayſe:
For that it ſaved me; keepe it in like neceſſity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearely loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that ſpares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath given't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my ſhipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.

1. What meane you sir?
Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loved me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.
1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?
Per. Ile shew the vertue I have borne in Armes.
1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't
2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made up this garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine condolements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thrive, you'l remember from whence you had them.
Per. Beleeve it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe,
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a paire of Bases.
2. Wee'l sure provide, thou shalt have
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.
Per. Then honour me but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?
1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselves,
King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter here,
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.
Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merits lesse,
King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which heaven makes like it selfe:
As Iewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his device.
Thai. Which to preserve mine honour, Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?
Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the device he beares upon his shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*
King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?
Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the device he beares upon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?
Thal. The third of *Antioch*; and his device,
A wreathe of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey provexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning Torch that's turned upside downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*
King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thal. The fift, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tride:

The

Thē Motto thus : *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie delivered ?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger : but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

King. A pretty morrall ; from thē dejected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better than his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his juſt commend : For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to have practiſed more the Whipſtocke, than the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes us ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes ;
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I give,
And crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) than by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that envies it :

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured ſcholler : come Queenē of th'feaſt,
For (daughter) ſo you are, here take your place :
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerve their grace.

Knights. We are honoured much by good *Simonides.*

King. Your preſence glads our dayes, honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, for wē are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envie the great, nor doe the low deſpiſe.
You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Iove* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queenē of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate doe ſeeme unſavory,
Wiſhing him my meate : ſure he is a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman : has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a ſtaffe,
Or ſo : let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes Diamond to Glaſſe.

Per. Yon King's to me, likē to my fathers picturē,
Which tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sunne, for thēm to reverence ;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacy ;
Where now his ſunnē like a Glo-worme in thē night,
The which hath fire in darkneſſe, none in light :
Whereby I ſee that time's the King of men,
For hee's their Parents, and he is their gravē,
And gives them what he will, not what they cravē.

King. What, are you merry Knights ?

Knights. Who can be other in this royall preſence ?

King. Heere, with a cup that's ſtur'd unto the brim,
As you doe love, fill to your Miſtreſſe lips,
We drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pauſe a while; yon Knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might countervaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaiſa?*
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O attend my daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondered at:
Therefore to make his enterance more ſweet,
Heere, ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alas my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? doe as I bid you, or you'l move me elſe.
Thai. Now by the gods, he could not pleaſe me better.
King. And furthermore tell him, we deſire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my father (ſir) hath drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much bloud unto your life,
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are. your name and parentage.
Per. A gentle man of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough ſeaes reft of ſhips and men,
And after ſhip-wracke, driven upon this ſhore.
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himſelfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the ſeas,

Bereft

Bereft of ſhips and men, caſt on the ſhore,
King. Now by the gods I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time, which lookes for other revels.
Even in your armours as you are addreſt,
Will well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not have excuſe, with ſaying that
Lowd muſicke is too harſh for Ladies heads,
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.
They dance.
So, this was well asked, t'was ſo well performde,
Come ſir, heere's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their meaſures are as excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practiſe them, they are (my Lord)
King. O that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courteſie: unclaſpe, unclaſpe.
They dance.
Thankes gentlemen to all; all have done well,
But you the beſt: Pages and Lights, to conduct
Theſe Knights unto their ſeverall Lodgings:
Yours ſir, we have given order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleaſure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talke of love,
And that's the marke I know you levell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his reſt,
To morrow, all for ſpeeding doe their beſt.

Enter Hellicanes and Eſcanes.

Hell. No *Eſcanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from inceſt lived not free:
For which the moſt high gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in ſtore, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; even in the height and pride

Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and shriveld
Vp those bodies even to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes addor'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should give them buriall.
Escanes. It was very strange.
Hell. And yet but justice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heavens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.
Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.
2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeve without reproofe.
3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.
1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, wee'l seeke him out:
If in his grave he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, give's cause to morne his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.
2 *Lord.* Whose death indeed: the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus submit unto our Soveraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Live noble *Hellican*.
Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's hourely trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreate you,
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventrous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne unto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.
1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enjoyneth us,
We with our travels will endevor.
Hell. Then you love us, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands.

Exit.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.
King. Knights, from my daughter, this I let you know,
That for this twelve-month, shee'l not undertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)
King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelve Moones more shee'l weare *Dianaes* livery;
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath shee vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.
3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaves. *Exit.*
King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me here,
Shee'l wed the stronger Knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choise agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whither I dislike or no.
Well, I doe commend her choyse, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortunes to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I doe protest, my eares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musickes Master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing;
What doe you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer, wondrous faire.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And shee will be your Scholler, therefore looke to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoole-master.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Pe. What's heere a letter, that she loves the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to have my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so hie, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the gods have not; never did thought

Of my levy offence; nor never did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her love,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor?
King. I, traitor.
Per. Even in his throate, unlesse it be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lie.
King. Now by the gods I doe applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relisht of a base discent:
I came unto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall proove, hee's honours enemie.
King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptory? *Aside.*
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections,
Upon a stranger? who for ought I know, *Aside.*
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in bloud as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you ——
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: and being joynd,

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God give you joy ; what are you both pleasod ?
Thai. Yes, if you love me sir.
Per. Even as my life, or bloud that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed ?
Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the orē-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast :
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole ;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eath,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles, and gives Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she rejoyces : she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,

Fame

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour these :
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none,
The mutany, he there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice six Moones,
He obedient to their doomes
Will take the Crowne : the sum of th[e]a-far
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And every on with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King :
Who dreampt ? who thought of such a thing ?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her desire,
Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to sea ; their vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the floud,
Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mov'd
Varies againe, the grisled North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that drives,
So up and downe the poore ship dives :
The Lady shrieekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in travaile with her feare :
And what ensues in this selfe storme :
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convay ;
Which might not ? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold :

E

This

This Stage, the Ship upon whose Decke,
The Seas tost *Pericles*, appeares to speake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Brasse,
Having cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulpherous flashes: Oh how *Lichorida?*
How does my Que[illegible] then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speat all t[illegible] the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida? Lucina*, oh!
Divinest patronesse, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, made swift the pangs
Of my Queenes travailes. Now *Lichorida.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too yong for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida?*
Lychor. Patience good sir, doe not assist the storme,
Heere's all that is left living of your Queene;
A little daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts
And snatch them straight away?
We here below; recall not what we give,
And therein may use honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good sir, even for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a most blusterous bird hath never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world,

That

That ever was Princes childe: happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and heaven can make,
To harold thee from the wombe:
Even at the first; thy losse is more than can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde here:
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

Enter two Saylors.

1. *Saylor.* What courage sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough, I doe not feare the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the love
Of this poore infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.
2. *Sayl.* But sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
kisse the Moone, I care not.
1. *Say.* Sir, your Queene must over board,
The sea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1. Pardon us sir; with us at Sea it hath beene still observed,
And we are strong in Easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.
Per. As you thinke meete, for she must ore boord straight,
Most wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere she lies sir.
Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely coffind, in oare,
Wherefore a Monument upon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water must ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Inke and Paper,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bid *Nicander*

Bring

Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir we have a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2 We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: when canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leave it
At carefull nurſing: goe thy wayes good Marriner.
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſervant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I have heene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead eare you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recover him: give this to the Apothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleeke upon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leave the houſe.

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much marvaile that your Lordſhip
Having rich attire about you, ſhould at theſe early houres
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it ever Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, than Nobleneſſe and Riches,
Careleſſe heires may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:
Tis knowne, I ever have ſtudied Phyſicke,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I have together with my practiſe, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the beſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegitives, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature workes, and of her cures;
Which doth give me a more content in courſe of true delight,
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my pleaſures up in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Epheſus*,
Powred forth your charity, and hundreds call themſelves
Your Creatures; who by you have beene reſtored,
And not your knowledge, your perſonall paine,
But even your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as never ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, even now did the ſea toſſe up upon our ſhore
This Cheſt; tis of ſome wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let us looke upon it.
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heavy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.
2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.
Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it up?
Ser. I never saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.
2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostrill: so up with it.
Oh you most potent gods! what's heare, a Coarse?
2. *Gent.* Most strange.
Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here I give to understand,
If ere this Coffin drive a land;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost;
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charitie.

If thou livest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That even crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.
2. *Gent.* Most likely Sir.
Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may usurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres beene dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The rough and wofull musicke that we have,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou stirrest thou blocke?
The musicke there: I pray you give her aire;
Gentlemen this Queene will live,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not beene entranc'd aboue five houres,
See how shee gins to blow into lifes flower againe.
1. *Gent.* The heavens through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets up, your fame for ever.
Cer. Shee is alive, behold her eye-lids,
Cases to those heavenly jewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, live, and make us weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

Shee moves.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What world is this?
2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1. *Gent.* Most rare.
Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall: come, come, and *Esculapius* guide us.

They carry her away. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon, and Dionisia.

Per. Most honoured *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelve months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands,
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankefulnesse, The gods make up the rest upon you.
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on us.
Dion. O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates had pleased
You had brought her hither to have blest mine eyes with her.
Per. We cannot but obey the powers above us;

Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was borne at Sea) I have named ſo,
Here, I charge your charitie with all ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to give her
Princely training, that ſhe may be mannerd as ſhe is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your child
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature neede a ſpurre, the Gods revenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeve you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſiſterd ſhall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't ; ſo I take my leave :
Good Madame, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing up my childe.

Dion. I have one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madame, my thankes and prayers.

Cleon. Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke too your little Miſtres, on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaiſa

Cer. Madame, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character ?

Thai. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I will remember,
even on my learning time : but whether there delivered, by the holy

holy gods, I cannot rightly ſay: but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I neere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall livery will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreover if you pleaſe, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thankes, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire ;
His woefull Queene we leave at *Epheſus*,
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votariſſe.
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt finde
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In muſickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder : but alacke
That monſter Envy oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Even ripe for marriage ſight : this Maid
Hight *Philoten* : and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtory, ſhe
Would ever with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weavde the ſleded ſilke,
With fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She ſung and made the night bed mute,

That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Morina*: ſo
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as given, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with envie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the unborne event,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which never ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy love boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her,
Here ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to ſtrew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple, Violets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang upon thy grave, while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dide: this world to me is like a laſting ſtorme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your bloud with ſorrowing,
You have a Nurſe of me. Lord how your favour's
Chang'd with this unprofitable woe:
Come give me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of your ſervant.

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your father, and your ſelfe, with more than forraine heart; we every day expect him here, when he ſhall come and finde our Parigon, to all reports thus blaſted. Hee will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, blame both my Lord and mee, that wee have taken no care to your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walke and be chearefull once againe; reſerve that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of young and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will goe, but yet I have no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leave you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your bloud; What, I muſt have a care of you.

Mar. My thankes ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did never feare, but cried good ſea-men to the Saylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, never was waves nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canvas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calls and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to doe my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe have me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life, I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any living creature: beleeve me now, I never kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod upon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you have a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, doe ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſave poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates.

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Comē lets have hēr aboard ſodainly. *Exit.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeves ſerve the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they have ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, there's no hope ſhee will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's dead, and throwne into the ſea, but Ile ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhe remaine,
Whom they have raviſht, muſt by me be ſlaine. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much money this mart, by being too wenchleſſe.

Baud. We were never ſo much out of creatures, we have but poore three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets have freſh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be uſde in every trade, wee ſhall never proſper.

Baud. Thou ſaieſt true, tis not our bringing up of poore baſtards, as I thinke I have brought ſome eleven.

Boult. I to eleven, and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Baud What elſe man? the ſtuffe we have, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, there's two unwholſome in conſcience, the poore *Tranſilvanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meate

for wormes, but Ile goe search the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three are foure thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Baud. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke up some pretty estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving ore.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirats and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say she's a virgin?

Sayl. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this peece you see, If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Baud. Boult, ha's she any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: there is no further necessitie of qualities can make her be refusd.

Baud. What's her price *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shall have your money presently: wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheape thing, if men were as they have been: Get this done as I commandyou.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow:
He should have strucke, not spoke;

Or

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his hands,
Where I was like to die.

Baud. I, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions: what de'ye stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you have me to be, if I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry whip thee Gosling: I thinke I shall something to do with you. Come, ye'are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men must stirre you up: *Boults* return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I have cride her almost to the number of her haires; I have drawne her picture with my voyce.

Baud. And prethee tell me, how dost thou finde the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boult. Faith they listend to me, as they would have hearkned to their fathers Testament. There was a Spaniards mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. Wee shall have him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boult.

Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. Who *Mounſier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclimation, but hee made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, depiſe profite, where you have moſt gaine, to weepe that you live as you doe, makes pitty in your lovers ſeldome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home Miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſaiſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I have bargaind for the joynt.

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſojourner we have, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framed this peece, ſhe meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a paragon ſhee is, and thou haſt the harveſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giving out her beauty, ſtirs up the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpoſe.

Baud. What have wee to doe with *Diana*? pray you goe with us. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you fooliſh, can it be undone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt upon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Where I chiefe Lord of all this ſpacious world, Ide give it to undo the deed. Oh Lady, much leſſe in bloud than vertue, yet a Princeſſe to equall any ſingle Crowne of the earth, in the juſtice of compare. O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haſt poiſoned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him, it had beene a kindneſſe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay, when Noble *Pericles* ſhall demande his childe?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fates to foſter it, nor ever to preſerve, ſhe dide at night, Ile ſay ſo, who can croſſe it, unleſſe you play the Innocent: and for an honeſt attribute, cry out ſhee dide by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods doe like this worſt.

Dionizia. Be one of thoſe that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharſus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame to thinke of what a Noble ſtraine you are, and of how coward a ſpirit.

Cleon. To ſuch proceeding, who ever, but his approbation added, though not his whole conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dionizia. Be it ſo then, yet none doth know but you how ſhe came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee

did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilſt ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my courſe unnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindeneſſe, perform'd to your ſole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay? we wept after her hearſe, and yet we mourne: her monument is almoſt finiſhed, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expreſſe a generall praiſe to her, and care in us, at whoſe expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doſt with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſweare to'he gods, that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I adviſe. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waſte, and longeſt leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeaes in Cockels, have and wiſh but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To uſe one Langnage, in each ſeverall clime,
Where our ſcenes ſeeme to live. I do beſeech you
To learne of me, who ſtands in gaps to teach you,
The ſtages of our ſtory *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward ſeas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To ſee his Daughter, all his lives delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to governe it: you beare in minde
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Advanc'd in time to great and high eſtate.

Well

Well ſayling ſhips, and bounteous windes have brought
This King to *Tharſus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his ſterage, ſhall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone
Like moates and ſhadowes, ſee them move a while,
Your eares unto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon ſhewes Pericles the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on ſacke-cloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may ſuffer by fowle ſhow,
This borrowed paſſion ſtands for true old woe:
And *Pericles* in ſorrow all devour'd,
With ſighes ſhot through, and biggeſt teares ore-ſhowrd.
Leaves *Tharſus*, and againe imbarks, he ſweares
Never to waſh his face, nor cut his haires,
He put on ſackcloth and to ſea he beares,
A tempeſt which his mortall veſſell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, write by *Dionizia*.

The faireſt ſweeteſt, and beſt lies here,
Who withered in her ſpring of yeares.
She was of Tyrus the Kings Daughter,
On whom foule, death hath made this ſlaughter:
Marina was ſhe cald, and at her birth,
That is being proud, ſwallowed ſome part of th'earth.
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens beſtowed.
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſhee'l never ſtint,
Make raging Battrie upon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleeve his daughter's dead,
And beare his courſes to be ordered.

By

By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heavie well-aday.
In her unholy ſervice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come here.

Baud. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to frieze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we muſt either get her raviſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhee would make a puritane of the devill, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'l diſfurniſh us of all our Cavaleers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boult. We ſhould have both Lord and Lowne, if the peeviſh baggedge would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand upon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impunity have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Chirurgion?

Baud. We have one here ſir if ſhe would ——— But there never came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhee'd doe the deede of darknes thou wouldſt ſay.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and bloud ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but ———

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a Baud, no leſſe then it gives a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Here comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creaturt?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long voyage at ſea,
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Baud. I beſeech your honour give me leave a word,
And Ile have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I deſire to finde him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Baud. Next, hee's the Governor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governe the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you uſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankefully receive.

Lyſ. Have you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not pac'ſte yet, you muſt take ſome paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee will leave his Honour and her together. *Exit Baud.*

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Now pritty one, how long have you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade ſir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name, but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long have you beene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo yong, were you a gamſter at five, or at ſeaven?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Ly. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Governour of this place.

Ly. Why, hath your Principall made knowne unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Ly. Why your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity: Oh you have heard ſome-thing of my power,, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly upon thee; come bring me to ſome private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Ly. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes have beene ſold dearer than Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this unhallowed place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Ly. I did not thinke thou couldſt have ſpoke ſo well, I nere dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold heere's gold for thee, perſevere in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good gods preſerve you.

Ly. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the very doores and windowes ſavour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curſe upon him, dye hee like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodneſſe, if thou doſt heare from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one peece for me.

Ly. Avant thou damned doore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doth prop it, would ſinke and over-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeviſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breake-faſt in the cheapeſt Country under the coape, ſhall undoe a whole houſehold, let me be gelded like a Spaniell, come your wayes.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your mayden-head taken off, or the common hang-man ſhall execute it, come your way, wee'l have no more gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bauds.

Baud. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtris, ſhee hath heere ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus*.

Baud O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtinke before the face of the gods.

Baud. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a Snow-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Baud. Boult, take her away, uſe her at thy pleaſure, cracke the glaſſe of her virginity, and make the reſt male-able.

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier peece of ground than ſhee is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you gods.

Baud. She conjures, away with her, would ſhe had never come within

within my doores, Marry hang you, ſhee's borne to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come up my diſh of Charity, with roſemary and bayes. *Exit.*

Boult. Come Miſtreſſe, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewell you hold ſo deare.

Mar. Prethee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thy enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtris.

Mar. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they doe better thee in their command; thou holdſt a place, for which the painedſt fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to every cuſherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fiſting of every rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is ſuch as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Boul. What would you have me do? goe to the wars, would you, where a man may ſerve 7. yeares for the loſſe of a leg, and have not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doſt, empty old receptacles, or common-ſhores of filth; ſerve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of theſe wayes are yet better than this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could he ſpeake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the gods would ſafely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Maſter will gaine by mee, proclaime that I can ſing, weave, ſowe, and dance, with other vertues which Ile keep from boaſt, and will undertake all theſe to teach. I doubt not but this populous Citie will yeeld many ſchollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeake of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home againe, and proſtitute me to the baſeſt groome that doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt women. *Boult.*

Band. Faith my acquaintance lyes little among them; but ſince my maſter and miſtris hath bought you, there's no going but by their conſent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell ſcapes, and chances
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſaies;
She ſings like one immortall, and ſhe dances
As Godeſſe-like to her admired laies:
Deepe Clearks ſhe dumbs, and with her needle compoſes
Natures owne ſhape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art, ſiſters the naturall Roſes,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes ſhe none of noble race,
Who powre their bounty on her, and her gaine
She gives the curſed Baud. Leave we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at ſea, tumbled and toſt,
And driven before the winde, he is arriude
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this Coaſt,
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: the Cittie ſtriude
God *Neptunes* annuall feaſt to keepe, from whence
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* ſhip eſpies,
His banners ſable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes.
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight
Of heavy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might)
Shall be diſcovered, pleaſe you ſit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylars.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can reſolve you.

O he e he is ſir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Governor, who craves to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell. That he have his, call up some gentlemen.

2 *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray you greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolve you.

Lys. Haile reverent sir, the gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well being on shore, honouring of *Neptunes* triumph, seeing this goodly vessell ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, til the disaster that one mortall weight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the gods preserve you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now upon the levie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that bearer recoveries name. But since your kindnesse we have stretcht thus farre, let us beseech you, that for our gold we may have provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just God for every graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Province: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sir, sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O hee's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome faire one: Ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Come of a gentle kinde and noble stocke,
Ide wish no better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire and all goodnesse that consists in beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receive such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, provided, that none but I and my companion maide be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prosperous.

The Song.

Lys. Markt he your Musicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited eyes, but have beene gazed on like a Comet: she speakes my Lord, that

may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were juſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my derivation was from anceſtors who ſtood equivolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſervitude, I will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glowes upon my cheeke, and whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, My Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eyes upon me, y'are like ſome-thing that, what Countrey-woman heare of theſe ſhewes?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping: my dearreſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might have beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtrait, as ſilver voyc'ſt, her eyes as jewell-like, and caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtarves the eares ſhe feedes, and makes them hungry, the more ſhe gives them ſpeech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger, from the decke you may diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as juſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeve thee, and make my ſences credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou lookſt like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou cam'ſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou ſaidſt thou hadſt beene toſt from wrong to injury, and that thou thoughts thy griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prove the thouſand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have ſuffered like a gyrle, yet thou doſt looke like patience, gazing on Kings graves, and ſmiling extremity out of act, what were thy friends? how loſt thou thy name, my moſt kinde virgin? recount I do beſeech thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced god ſent hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good ſir, or here ile ceaſe.

Per. Nay ile be patient, thou little knowſt how thou doeſt ſtartle me, to call thy ſelfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had ſome power, my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeve me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and bloud?
Have you a working pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion well ſpeake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina*?

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at ſea.

Per. At ſea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughrer of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt dreame
That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, wel, where were you bred?
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your ſtory, and never interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne, beleeve me twere beſt I did give ore.

Per. I will beleeve you by the syllables of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leave me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and having wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who having drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good sir, whether will you have me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Cals my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, give me a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortallity, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene god-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise thou art my childe.
Give me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have beene by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and justifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, give me my robes;
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heaven blesse my gyrle.
But harke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare?

Per. Most heavenly musicke,
It nips me unto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leave him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my just beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and doe upon mine Alter sacrifice. There when my maiden Priests are met together, before all the people reveale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, and give them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou livest in woe: doo't, and happy by my silver bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee; *Hellicanus*.

Hell. Sir

Per.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſervice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eſtſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh us ſir upon your ſhore,
and give you gold for ſuch proviſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I have another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall prevaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it ſeemes you have beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone give me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeve mee:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What Pageantry, what pheates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriv'd,
That he is promiſed to be wived
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankefull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy juſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faine *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought forth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares yet thy
ſilver livery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtarres brought
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to us whereby her owne moſt cleare remem-
brance, ſhe made knowne herſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and favour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.

Pe. What meanes the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir if you have told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-boord with-
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but overjoyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne upon this
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich jewels, recovered
her, and placed her here in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, whe-
ther I invite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recovered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my ſanctity will
to my ſence bend no licencious eare, but curb it ſpight of ſeeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpeake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortall *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gave you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindneſſe
makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall doe well that on the
touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come,
be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell. Haile Madam, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I have namde him oft.

Thai. Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserved? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom the gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverent Sir the gods can have no mortall officer more like a god than you, will you diliver how this dead Queene relives?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me unto my house, where shall be shownе you all was found with her, how she came plac'st here in the temple, no needfull thing omitted

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; *Thaisa* this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament that makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this foureteene yeares no razor toucht, to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him, yet there my Queene, weele celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves will in that Kingdome spend our following dayes; our son and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gomer.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust, the true and just reward:

In

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter seene,
Although assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heaven, and crownd with joy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith of loyalty:
In reverend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the City turne,
That him and his they in his Palace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ev ermore attending,
New joy waite on you, here our play hath ending.

FINIS.